

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

WHAT DO WOUNDS MATTER,
HE'S GOT A HELMET?

7-11910 J



Not even wounds in the head and arm could depress this cheerful soldier. He had fought and won and looked at life through rose-coloured glasses. And besides, he had secured a German's top boots and helmet, which the bandages have just allowed him to wear.

HOW THE CANADIANS FETCH THEIR
DAILY SUPPLY OF WATER.

8-6140 H



A Canadian soldier filling a water-cart in the river near Salisbury. It is a cold job, but the Canadians don't mind roughing it. They have one complaint, however, and that is the mud

VICTORY PUT KEEN EDGE ON THEIR APPETITES.

8-6140 H



Indian soldiers preparing their evening meal after helping to capture the village of Neuve Chapelle. A group of French people are looking on with interest. The Indians played a splendid part in this fine victory, and their behaviour has been warmly praised by Sir John French.

2^D. SOUP



"On the Eve of Great Things"

by
Horatio Bottomley
Editor of "John Bull"

TWO OF MANY
SPECIAL FEATURES
IN THE
SUNDAY PICTORIAL
No. 2 Out on Sunday

"Is 'More Than One Wife' the Solution?"

by
Austin Harrison
Editor of the "English Review"



BRITISH IN A SHELTER IN NORTHERN FRANCE.



British soldiers in one of the shelters. During the last few days our men have been fighting incessantly, and, though they have been under terrific fire, they show little sign of strain. They march back from the trenches singing gaily, and are, in fact, delighted that the period of waiting in the trenches is over.

THE MORNING SHAVE



The mirror on a Red Cross ambulance comes in very useful when the driver wants to shave.

CAT'S IRON CROSS.



The Public Record Office cat wearing the Iron Cross, bestowed on him because he tried to kill civilian pigeons.

LUNCHES FOR 2d.: SUFFRAGETTES RUN A RESTAURANT.



Lunches can be purchased for 2d. at the cost-price restaurant which is run by the East London Federation of Suffragettes. When the families are too poor to pay even this modest sum their circumstances are investigated, when they are given a ticket. This provides them with a free meal.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



A million people were after No. 1 of the "Sunday Pictorial" last Sunday. There will be twice as many after No. 2 Next Sunday. Avoid disappointment, and give your Newsagent an order To-day.

FROM PRISON TO WITNESS-BOX.

Burglar Gives Evidence in "Treasure House" Raid Case.

WHAT "A DROP" MEANS.

A burglar gave evidence at West London Police Court yesterday. He had been brought from prison in charge of warders and he gave the court an account of some burglaries he had committed. He was a witness for the Crown in the "treasure house" raid case, in which James Moss, aged sixty, muffin maker and furniture remover, who lived in an eighteen-roomed house at Chiswick, is charged with receiving bronzes, etc., knowing them to have been stolen. Charged with him is his wife, Elizabeth Moss, accused of being concerned in the alleged offence. A third defendant, named Martin Wilson, of Camden Town, was placed in the dock yesterday, also on a charge of receiving bronzes. The hearing was again adjourned.

PEEPHOLE BEHIND PANEL.

Mr. Harold Pearce, for the prosecution, said that the case was peculiar in character owing to the remarkable methods employed. Moss carried on business as a muffin maker and lived at an eighteen-roomed house called Little Sutton Court, Little Sutton-lane, Chiswick. Mr. Pearce handed up a photograph of the house. Mr. Fordham : It seems to be a corner house. Mr. Pearce said that the question would arise whether Mrs. Moss was acting under the coercion of her husband. Some of the goods were found in a strange manner, for there was a safe in the bedroom which was occupied apparently by the Mosses.

THREE BURGLARIES.

Last year a considerable number of burglaries took place in the West End of London by three men named Williams, Howard and Roberts. Statements made by Williams and Howard were the information upon which the proceedings in this case started, and the charges were selected from cases of which the men who had been convicted could supply details. These cases were August 17, 1914, house of Mrs. Ellis, of Randolph-road, Paddington, entered and property worth £300 stolen. The second case was that of the Misses Huggins, of Kensington Park-gardens, from whose residence a number of bronzes, gold snuff boxes and brooches, of the value of £100, were stolen. On December 5, 1914, Mr. Nathan, of Stanley-crescent, lost property worth £170, of which £100 worth had been found in Moss's possession. According to Williams's story Moss paid for these goods partly by cheque. Mr. Pearce also mentioned burglaries at the residence of Mr. Commo Hamilton at Inverness-terrace, Baywater, and Mr. Whittington at Waltho-gardens, Chiswick. At Moss's house, said counsel, there were also found eleven gas-stoves and sixty-one gas-fires, the property of the Brentford Gas Company. When the house was searched there was noticed at the back of a bedstead in the bedroom a panel which had a number of brass rosettes. On one of these being touched a peephole was disclosed, and behind it was discovered a safe containing property stolen from Mrs. Ellis and Dr. Warren.

STABLE MEETINGS.

The first witness called was Henry Williams, who was in charge of a warder. He said that he was now undergoing a term of imprisonment. For years he had had dealings with Moss, who knew the goods were stolen and had paid for them, partly by cash and partly by cheque. Witness, continuing, said that last August he broke into a house in Randolph-gardens, and Moss lent him a van in which to remove the property. One of Moss's employees, Harry Read, drove the horse. Witness always met Moss in the stable. He had had dealings with him since 1905.

Mr. Fordham : As a "fence" ?—As a "drop." Mr. Fordham : I thought that they called these men "fences." Mr. Pearce : Perhaps the fashion has changed. One usually associates a "drop" with a more serious offence. Mr. Fordham : That comes later on. (Laughter.) Witness : I told him I had done a "left show." The Clerk : He means the people had gone out of town. Mr. Fordham : The clerk knows all about these things.

POLE AS SIGNAL.

Witness said he remembered committing a robbery with two other men, one of whom was Roberts, at Kensington Park Gardens, and he identified a quantity of the goods as having been stolen from there. When the robbery had been committed the things were taken to Moss's house about 6.30 a.m., and witness jumped over the back wall. With the aid of a long pole, which had been left out for the purpose, he tapped at the bedroom window and knocked Moss up. Moss came down and examined the things in the stable. He bought the jewellery, but would not buy the bronzes. Moss only offered £4 for the bronzes, but witness refused that. Witness had £11 worth of stuff and was paid £3 2s. 6d. in cash and a cheque for £7 17s. 6d. Roberts cashed the cheque.

ROYAL WEDDING GUEST.

Princess Alexander of Teck Attends Marriage of Lady Mary Parker.

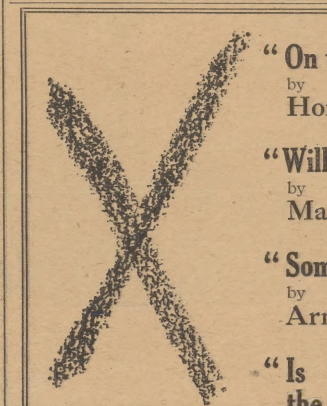
A MILITARY BRIDEGROOM.

The Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn, brother of Lord St. Leon, was married to Lady Mary Parker, the only sister of the Earl of Morley, at St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday. The bride wore a charming gown of satin and old Venetian lace. Princess Alexander of Teck, who attended the ceremony, wore a smart short coat of sable over a skirt of putty cloth draped with a wide brown velvet sash tied low at the back, and her high black velvet hat was adorned with a tuft of fluffy marabout. Lady Evelyn Moreton represented the Duchess of Albany, to whom the bridegroom is equerry, and Miss Heron Maxwell was in attendance upon the Princess. The only bridesmaid, Miss Rosalind Benson, cousin of the bride, wore a dress of corn chiffon, and the bride's huge bouquet of white carnations, pink, and her black tulle hat was trimmed with a simple bunch of pink daisies. She held her own bunch of tulips and the bride's huge bouquet of white carnations throughout the choral service. Only immediate relatives went back after the wedding to 31, Prince's-gardens, and among the notabilities were Lord and Lady St. Leon, the latter with a mauve feathered hat and biscuit gown; Countess Grey in black with handsome sables; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Benson; Sir George and Lady Holford, the former in khaki, and the latter very becoming in one of the new draped veils over a small straw hat.

MARCH'S WILD MOOD.

Heavy Snowstorms in the North and Sleet and Rain in London.

Snow all over the country, cold, biting winds, sleet and rain—such was March's bitter humour yesterday. After a mild, summer-like days of the early part of the month yesterday's Arctic weather came as a shock to everybody. The kind of weather experienced in the north may be seen from the following summarised reports :—HAWICK.—Worst snowstorm for many years raged during the morning snow lying from 1ft. to 2ft. in depth. While the morning express train conveying newspapers and mails from Edinburgh to Hawick was approaching Housenden three railway men, rendered deaf by the storm, were knocked down, two of them—William White and Richard Kenwick—being killed. EAST LOTHIAN AND BERWICKSHIRE.—Severe snowstorm raged between four and seven o'clock yesterday morning, and the snow lies on the Lammermoor hills from 6in. to 2ft. deep. Over the country generally there has been a fall 10in. deep. ARAIR.—Snowstorm broke out without warning at 7 a.m. From 6in. to 12in. of snow fell in two hours. Heavy loss of sheep and lambs feared. THE LOTHIANS.—Snow lies from 6in. to 5ft. in depth. Large number of sheep lost in drifts. CARLISLE AND THE LAKE DISTRICT.—Heavy snowstorm, accompanied by a strong high wind, Snow drifts stopped road traffic. Feared heavy loss of lambs. Miserable weather was experienced in London. A slight drizzling fall of snow in the morning changed to rain.



by Austin Harrison.

And Many Other Features in the Second Wonderful Issue.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL OUT ON SUNDAY.

MYSTERY OF A GRATE.

Story of Spinster's Strange Illness at a London Hotel.

GAS OR DEAD RAT?

A remarkable claim by Miss Augusta de Pinto, of Cleveland-gardens, Hyde Park, came before Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury yesterday. The defendants were Messrs. How and Purdy, the proprietors of the Leinster Court Hotel, Leinster-gardens, S.W. Miss de Pinto sued as executrix under the will of her sister, the late Miss Ada Rosetta de Pinto, who, it was alleged, died from an illness contracted at the hotel. The claim was based on an allegation of negligence in regard to the condition of the grate in a furnished room taken by the ladies at the hotel in February of last year. The defence was a denial of negligence, and it was contended that there had been no breach of contract or warranty in regard to the room. Mr. McCall, K.C., for the plaintiff, said her claim, which amounted to £174, related to medical and other expenses incurred in consequence of her sister's illness. The Misses de Pinto were maiden sisters, who lived together for a very considerable time. In February last year they took a furnished room at the Leinster Hotel, and had to complain about the grate, from which clouds of smoke came with an extremely offensive smell. They complained to the managers, who said she would have the matter attended to, but there was some delay, and Miss Ada de Pinto was taken ill. She died on May 12. Mr. McCall said the lady was fifty-one years of age, and the doctors discovered the presence of a microbe. Miss Sara de Pinto gave evidence and said the smell seemed to come from the flue through a cupboard near by. Mrs. Coleman, who stayed at the hotel early last year, compared the smell to gas or a dead rat. Dr. K. McGuire gave evidence that in his view the deceased lady suffered from septic poisoning. The hearing was adjourned.

'SUNDAY PICTORIAL' No. 2.

Remarkable Demand for Next Issue of the Great Sunday Picture Newspaper.

The demand for the first number of the *Sunday Pictorial* proved to be far in excess of the estimates of the trade. As a result almost every newsagent in London and the provinces had sold out an hour or two after the paper was on sale. Profiting by their experience last week, newsagents are this week increasing their supplies. All yesterday orders were pouring into the publishing offices by telegram, telephone, and letter. Already these orders are far in excess of those received last week, and the demand for No. 2 promises to be fully twice as large as that for No. 1. In view of the enormous rush there is certain to be for No. 2 of the *Sunday Pictorial*, the public are recommended to give their orders to their newsagent to-day, and thus avoid the disappointment tens of thousands experienced last Sunday.

"On the Eve of Great Events," by Horatio Bottomley.

"Will the War Hurt Religion?" by Max Pemberton.

"Some Aspects of the War," by Arnold White.

"Is 'More than One Wife' the Solution?" by Austin Harrison.

ENLISTING WOMEN FOR WAR WORK.

Recruits Who Are Ready to Make Armaments or Drive Van.

"WHAT DO MEN SAY?"

The Government scheme to mobilise women for war service is being taken up enthusiastically. The Board of Trade Labour Exchanges in London and the country were yesterday besieged by women "recruits." The scheme, as was outlined in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, is an effort to overcome the shortage of industrial labour and also to release more men for the front line. At the central office of the Labour Exchange at Queen Anne's-gate women who registered themselves represented all walks of life—educated women desiring secretarial and clerical work, working women who wanted factory employment, and so on. Many expressed their willingness to work in armament factories; one applicant wanted "decorative painting" employment; another applied for "nursing or armament work," and stated that she held a certificate for electrical knowledge, while a third asked to drive a delivery van, as she was accustomed to horses. Applicants ranged from the widow of an artillery officer to a parlour-maid.

"NOT A SIMPLE MATTER."

"This question of the shortage of men in any particular trade, and the substitution of women for them is a most difficult and delicate one, and one in which the advice and co-operation of the organised workers is essential." So said Miss Mary Macarthur, secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League, to *The Daily Mirror*, yesterday, in answer to a question that the Government would have been well advised, before issuing their appeal, to take into consultation the representatives of organised trade workers—men and women. "I feel," she added, "that this circular may give a false impression of the actual industrial situation at the moment. "I can only imagine that it has been drafted rather with a view to possible eventualities than a present crisis. "While we are, of course, aware that there is a shortage of men in many industries, and even a shortage of women in some industries, it is by no means a simple matter to arrange for the transference of labour with different experiences or in different areas. "These difficulties apply to men, but they apply with double force to women, who are naturally less mobile. "As I understand it, this appeal is made to women who are not normally wage earners and even to women who have not previously been wage earners."

60,000 WORKLESS WOMEN.

At the present moment there are at least 60,000 women who are normal wages earners unemployed throughout the country. It would be desirable to take some assurance that the possibility of the adaptation of these women has been fully considered before the introduction of new and presumably economically independent women is contemplated.

"There can be no doubt that the trade union world, even if convinced of the necessity of this innovation, will require a satisfactory guarantee on the various aspects of the proposed substitution."

"On what conditions are these women to be substituted for men?"

"Are they to receive the same wages for the same work? What guarantee is to be given to men that when they return to civil life their situation will be open for them and that the standard of conditions in their trade remains unimpaired?"

"And if the men receive satisfactory guarantees, what is to happen to women who have taken their places when they return, if in the meantime the women have become self-dependent?"

SAFEGUARDS.

"The appointment of a national representative committee, including a strong representation of industrial interests, to lay down conditions of transference, is one of the first safeguards which must be insisted upon."

"There is undoubtedly a great body of both trained and untrained women ready to offer their services on any practical Government scheme of employment," said Mrs. E. Talk, secretary of the Women's Emergency Corps.

"Women are very anxious to serve the State, but they do not want to disorganise male labour in any way. What do the men say to the scheme?"

OBJECTED TO CHURCH PARADES.

When Private W. Allen, of the East Lancashire Regiment, was charged at Eastbourne yesterday with stealing a purse belonging to another private with whom he was billeted, it was stated that he said to a policeman: "I stole my mate's purse as I would rather do three years than remain in the Army." He also added that he had hidden his uniform in the marshes.

Prisoner told the magistrate that he joined the Army to go to France, and there seemed no chance of going there with the East Lancashires. He was a freethinker and objected to the church parades.

The magistrate bound the prisoner over in the hope that the military authorities would deal with him properly.

PRUSSIAN HORROR OF OUR SHELLS IN BATTLE OF NEUVE CHAPELLE

"Eye-Witness's" Vivid Story of How British Won Their Victory.

"NOTHING COULD LIVE IN SUCH A FIRE."

Three German Princes Reported Among Slain—British Sweep Foes' Trenches.

FIGURE OF HIDDEN DEATH THAT EXPLODED.

A thrilling story of the British victory of Neuve Chapelle is told by "Eye-Witness."

The dash and gallantry of our troops and their splendid spirit is emphasised in his account, and he tells how again and again the Germans in vain tried to wrest the captured village from the vice-like grip of the British.

Our bombardment of the German positions was terrific, and the Germans had a taste of shell "frightfulness," that filled them with horror.

"A wounded Prussian officer," says "Eye-Witness," "of a particularly offensive and truculent type which is not uncommon, expressed the greatest contempt for our methods."

"You do not fight. You murder," he said. "If it had been straightforward, honest fighting we should have beaten you, but my regiment never had a chance from the first; there was a shell every ten yards. Nothing could live in such a fire."

Another captured officer stated that three German princes, including Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, were serving with one of the battalions in Neuve Chapelle, and that he believed all three were killed.

"Eye-Witness" also tells of one of our patrols finding a dummy figure stuck in the ground in front of the German trenches.

When the figure was moved it exploded, injuring one man. This was doubtless a "booby trap" prepared by some man accustomed to handling explosives.

SURPRISE BOMB ATTACK THAT WON HALF A MILE.

"Eye-Witness's" story of Neuve Chapelle is as follows:

On March 11, as has been described, the action round Neuve Chapelle had assumed the form of incessant efforts on the part of the enemy to regain what they had lost, the only result of which had been to enable us to make slight further progress here and there as they were beaten off. During Friday and Saturday, the 12th and 13th, the severe fighting continued.

On the morning of the 12th the German counter-attacks were renewed along the whole front round the village and to the north of it.

HELD UP HANDS.

These again resulted only in great losses to the enemy, who also left many prisoners in our hands.

By this time the Germans were beginning to show signs of great exhaustion, and on more than one occasion the men of the attacking line lay down and held up their hands when we opened fire.

It was only at one point, north-east of the village, that they reached our trenches, but we at once drove them out and pursued them towards their own lines, taking many prisoners.

As the hostile attacks grew more feeble our infantry pressed on and gave the weary enemy no rest.

"BOMBARDIERS' RUSH."

They stormed a strong position in some houses on the left near the Moulin du Pietre, and a party of about fifty, armed with bombs, rushed a trench and took eighty prisoners.

As the afternoon wore on the resistance of the Germans weakened, and in some cases entire companies surrendered. Many of the men were completely exhausted. They stated that their trenches were full of water, that all their officers had been killed, that whole battalions had been destroyed and that they had been for days without food.

These surrenders cannot be considered to reflect discredit on the troops concerned, for they fought most gallantly. But the strain must have been terrible. They had been taken by surprise and had then been fighting for three days against an enemy superior in numbers and what is more important—greatly superior in artillery.

The effect of our bombardment may be judged from the fact that on the 10th, when our men had approached the German trenches in front of Neuve Chapelle, some of the survivors had crawled painfully out and knelt on the ground, holding up their hands, utterly dazed.

The village itself had been converted into a shambles and remained a medley of ruins thickly strewn with corpses.

The net result of the operations in this quarter on this day were that not only had our original gain of ground been maintained against repeated counter-attacks, but that further progress had been made by us at some points,

notably to the north-west of the village, and that we had captured over 600 more prisoners.

GRIM NIGHT SCENE.

By nightfall the German dead lay thick all along our front.

Opposite the sector south of the village there were more than two thousand bodies, and in front of one battalion east of the village were stretched 500 bodies.

The ground in these places slopes upwards from our trenches towards the enemy, and the corpses could be plainly seen and counted.

These figures do not include the large numbers killed in the village of Neuve Chapelle itself, where many bodies lay buried amongst the ruins and hidden by fallen masonry, nor behind the line occupied by us.

Another success was obtained on this day to the east of Armentieres at a little hamlet called L'Epipatie.

By a sudden attack with bombs we gained with trifling loss a position about half a mile in length, representing an advance of about 300 yards from our original trenches.

GERMANS FLUNG BACK.

On the night of the 12th-13th the Germans attempted to retake this position by attacks carried out by parties of bomb-throwers, but they were all repulsed.

On the 13th the fighting at Neuve Chapelle was much of the same nature as it had been on the previous day, consisting of further counter-attacks by the enemy, this time backed up by a severe bombardment.

Strong German reinforcements taken from many units had been arriving continuously since the 10th, and these troops were thrown into the fight as they came up.

We had consolidated our position during the course of the night, however, and the enemy's efforts were easily beaten back.

At no point did they succeed in penetrating our trenches.

In the afternoon a strong counter-attack was set in motion from the Bois du Biez, but our guns played such havoc in the enemy's ranks as soon as they attempted to debouch from the wood that the attack melted away.

More prisoners continued to fall into our hands, and by the evening of this, the fourth day, they amounted to 1,700.

AIR RAIDS.

During the 12th and 13th our airmen carried out raids on the railway junctions at Don and Douai; considerable damage was effected at both places, and at Don a portion of a train was destroyed.

On Sunday, March 14, there was practically no fighting round Neuve Chapelle. Our line was now firmly established. In the evening an extremely heavy artillery fire was concentrated on our line round St. Eloi, and between 5 and 6 p.m., after blowing up one of our trenches, the Germans assaulted and occupied the village and some trenches both to the north and south of it.

FIGHT FOR TRENCHES.

A counter-attack was organised by us early the next morning, about 3 a.m., and the village and the whole of the trenches, except for one post south of the village, were recaptured.

Prisoners who had been all through the war stated that they had never experienced such a bombardment as that which preceded the assault on Neuve Chapelle.

STILL IN DUG-OUTS.

Many were still taking refuge in their dug-outs when our troops reached their trenches, and in the village several were captured in cellars before they had realised that we were upon them. The feeling of resentment expressed by the wounded Prussian officer against our artillery was shown by several of the prisoners. Gratiifying as it is to our gunners, it is an exhibition of a curious lack of any judicial sense, or even of a rudimentary sense of humour on the part of the apostles of "frightfulness."

It was the Germans who prepared an overwhelming force of artillery before the war, and they were the first to employ the concentrated action of heavy guns in field warfare. When the tables are turned and they have their first taste of what we have often extolled, they actually have the effrontery to complain.

It also especially galled our prisoners that they should have been captured by the British, who, they had been informed, were very inferior enemies.

In spite of the exhaustion of many of them, their aspect on the whole said a great deal for the discipline and order prevailing in the enemy's ranks.

They are almost unanimously optimistic as regards the situation.

The idea prevalent still is that the Germans are going to finish with Russia first—which will not take long—and then with the whole of their forces will undertake the easy task of crushing France and Britain.

And they express unbounded admiration for Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, who is a national hero.

One important feature of the recent success, small though it may be in actual extent, is the proof it has given of the spirit of our men.

BRITISH GALLANTRY.

Not only did they carry out the attack with the greatest dash and gallantry, but after days and nights of incessant fighting, during which they have often had to lie out for hours exposed to heavy fire, and in spite of the severe losses they have sustained, they display little signs of the strain.

The companies, weakened though they were, swung cheerily through the villages on the way back from the trenches, carrying "Pickelhauben" and other trophies. Even those who had had the longest spell of fighting were fit for anything after one night's rest.

In the fighting which has taken place during the past week our losses have, of course, been heavy; but at a moderate estimate those of the enemy cannot be far short of 18,000, exclusive of prisoners.

That they were great is corroborated by the statements of many prisoners.

NEW BELGIAN SUCCESS.

PARIS, March 18.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

The Belgian army has continued its progress on the Yser. Its artillery bombarded an enemy convoy on the road from Dixmude to Essen.

From the Lys to the Oise there were artillery actions.

The enemy bombarded especially the Notre Dame de Lorette ridge and the villages of Carnay and Maricourt.

There is nothing fresh to report in regard to the operations in the Champagne.

In Lorraine there was an artillery duel. One of our airmen bombarded the station at Conflans.

—Central News.

STRAITS SWEEP CLEAR OF MINES FOR 11 MILES.

Admirals Expect Operations at Dardanelles to Last Another Month.

ATHENS, March 18.—It is reported from Tenedos that all the mines from the entrance of the straits up to a distance of eleven miles have been removed as well as the greater part of those placed in the neighbourhood of the town of Dardanelles.—Exchange.

The Journal has received the following telegram from Rome:—

The Corriere Della Sera publishes an interview with the captain of the French hospital ship Canada, on the operations in the Dardanelles.

He says:—

There is no need for mystery regarding our success. Everything is going as well, and even better, than had been anticipated. The squadrons which opened the bombardment on February 25 were composed of French and British vessels. The British squadron was off the Asiatic shore, where the Turkish batteries were admirably exposed to our shells. It was just a game.

According to the estimates of those who have been in touch with our admirals, who wish to advance with the greatest caution, the passage of the Straits will occupy another month.

This month will be almost entirely devoted to destroying all the fortifications protecting the Narrows at Chanak.

The other forts do not count any more than those at the entrance, which were destroyed in a few hours.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS AGAIN IN EAST PRUSSIA.

Berlin Reports Fighting on Tilsit Road and Vienna Invasion of the Bukovina.

GERMANS WEAKENING.

The Russians are back again in East Prussia.

An official report from Berlin records fighting at Tanrognag, which shows that the Russians have again entered East Prussia on the road to Tilsit.

Thus Marshal von Hindenburg's victory in the Mazurian Lake district, which in the words of the Kaiser, "cleared my beautiful East Prussia of every single Russian," is seen in its true perspective.

The Austrian official report indicates that the Russians are also back in the Bukovina, and an attack has taken place on the southern bank of the Pruth.

HUNS' ATTACK OF NERVES

PETROGRAD, March 17.—To the south of Miawa a detachment of Cossacks of the Don suddenly attacked the enemy, who were holding the village of Alexandrovo, and, in the panic which ensued, the Germans fired on their men.

The Cossacks, having inflicted losses on the enemy, returned with fourteen prisoners. They themselves had lost not a single man either killed or wounded.

In several sectors of the front the Germans are using old blunt-nosed bullets and guns of an 1875 type, not quick-firing.

The Russian troops have observed that not only the weapons of the enemy, but the quality of his troops are deteriorating.

German units just arrived at the front are very discouraged by their fire, and are prone to indulge in wild firing without any real cause.

This betokens a nervousness on the part of the enemy which was quite foreign to him at the outset of the campaign.

After a desperate hand-to-hand struggle it is almost the rule for parties of Germans, sometimes as many as fifty strong, to come into the Russian lines at night and surrender. These men often belong to the best line regiments and to the Jaeger battalions.

The fire of the enemy's batteries in front of Ossowiek has weakened greatly recently.—Reuter.

HAUL OF GUNS AND PRISONERS.

PETROGRAD, March 17.—The General Staff issues the following communiqué:—

Our offensive on both banks of the Orzyc continues to develop in spite of the stubborn resistance of the enemy. The number of prisoners captured by us is increasing. Near Yedynovozec we took from the enemy seven machine guns, to the Carpathians, in the region of Rabbe, our offensive also made progress. We again repulsed the German and Austrian attacks in the direction of Striy and Munkacz. On the other fronts there is no essential change.—Reuter.

SPEEDING-UP WORKERS.

The National Conference of Labour and Government representatives was again largely attended at the Treasury yesterday.

Mr. Lloyd George had promised to make a pronouncement on behalf of the Government towards the proposals which a sub-committee of the Conference had formulated for bringing about the greatest possible acceleration of the output of war materials.

The proposals covered the three principal points raised by Mr. Lloyd George in his address to them on Wednesday.

The committee's first suggestion was that the Government should appoint an advisory board, to consist of an equal number of representatives of employers and workmen, to assist in securing the greatest possible acceleration of the output.

It is understood that this board would act as an informal court of arbitration in labour disputes, and would exercise control over the conditions of employment.

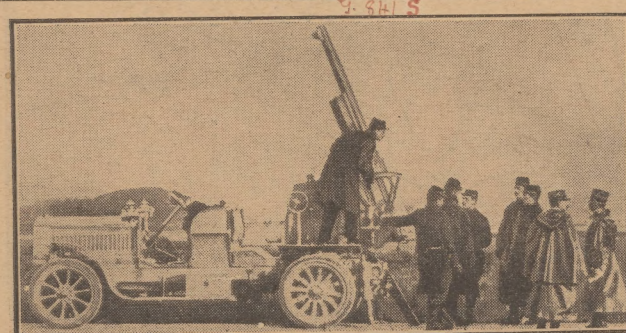
It is also understood that the committee have formulated a scheme which will allow the greatest number of men to be engaged immediately on the manufacture of war munitions, and will act on the conclusion of war safeguard the interests of the members of the skilled trades.

Regarding excessive drinking among a minority of workers, it is believed the committee have indicated that they will be prepared to have those cases investigated, with the view to action being taken by the unions to prevent a continuance of reasons for complaint.

At the morning session of the Conference, Mr. Lloyd George, who was accompanied by Mr. Runciman, explained the Government's views on proposals of the Labour representatives.

It is believed that both parties are in general agreement on the main points.

After some discussion had taken place, the General Conference adjourned, leaving the drafting of the general report in the hands of the sub-committee, viz., Messrs. A. Henderson, M.P., G. W. Bowerman, M.P., John Hill, W. Mosses, A. Wilkie, M.P., Frank Smith and J. T. Brownlie.



One of the famous French "75's" mounted on a motor-car for use against air-craft.

PIONEERS BUILD A BRIDGE TO BEAR THE WEIGHT OF BIG GUNS.



Both these pictures were taken while the pioneers of a North-country regiment were building a bridge capable of bearing the heaviest guns. The men have been almost entirely drawn from the mine, the factory and the workshop, but they have

displayed wonderful adaptability and are making remarkably fine soldiers. They thoroughly enjoy the work. The open air life and regular exercise appeal particularly to them.

D.C.M. FOR POSTMAN.



Sergeant W. Young, formerly a postman at Oldham, who has received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for rescuing a comrade. The Germans were only forty yards away.

COMFORTS FOR THE BRAVE RUSSIANS.



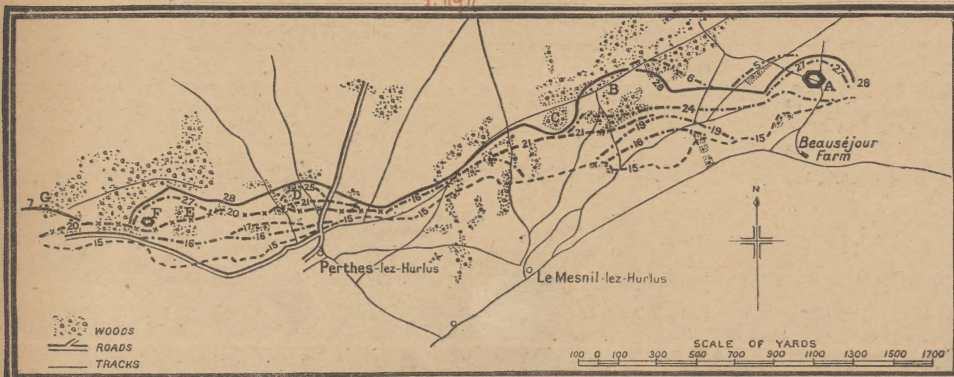
Letters and comforts arrive for the Russian soldiers who are fighting in the Carpathians. The gifts are most welcome, for the men have to face terrible weather conditions. Despite the heavy snowfalls, terrific fighting continues on this front.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.



Corporal H. Bryan, another recipient of the D.C.M. Before leaving for the front his father advised him to help the wounded, and he did so. He is in the Territorial Force.

THE FIGHTING IN CHAMPAGNE: BRITISH OBSERVER'S ACCOUNT.



This map will greatly help the reader to follow the article on page 15, which has been written by a British observer with the French forces in the field. In it he gives some account of the operations which have been in progress for the last three weeks in Champagne, and describes their object and the nature of the country.

ROYAL RED CROSS.



Miss Barbara Bennett, on whom the King has conferred the Royal Red Cross. She is on a hospital ship.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1915.

A WORD FROM ITALY.

AS WE ENTER the weeks of our great trial by fire, thoughts and hopes fixed on certain leagues of a fighting line in France, it may be to some of us not indifferent to catch sound of a cheer sent us from abroad; as perhaps runners, in starting, may be spurred, by the shouts of those who stand by them, to make just the added effort that decides so much. So now it is at least very pleasant to disengage, from all the confused comment of neutrals and spectators, a word from that Italy which to many Englishmen has been a second home of pleasant holiday or favourite history, since, last century, she worked out her salvation in a manner that fired the imagination of Swinburne, the Brownings, Meredith, Rossetti and our other poets.

Amongst the many pamphlets issued and conferences given lately there, we ask leave to single out a speech made in Milan by Professor Longobardi, of Venice.

Speaking of those years that led up to our great struggle, Professor Longobardi told the Milanese of three great periods since 1897—the period of dimly-conscious "labour of preparation in which the basis of wealth and greatness were laid"; the period of realisation, next; finally, a better period, perhaps, of consolidation and determination to organise the common energy of the race. Mention was made, naturally, of the South African War and its "error"; but then due recognition was given to our effort to remedy wrong by the concession of liberty to the conquered land. "England has a right to our belief when she declares that she has fought and fights still for liberty and right against brutal force. All admire England who hope for a higher grade of civilisation."

We do not quote these so friendly and perhaps far too complimentary words with an aim at the augmentation of Swelled Head in this country. This is a malady that exists here, as in Italy, in America, in Russia, everywhere. But, so far as we can see, it has possessed only one race, the German, like a general fever. In other countries some power of self-examination exists to moderate it. But, above all, in growing numbers in all countries except Germany exists, further, the conviction that modern civilisation can only be raised to that higher level, so greatly to be longed for by a collaboration of all the modern peoples, not by the predominance of one, and not by herds driven in an iron system and by the discipline of armed slave-leaders, but rather by the will of all the peoples composing the commonwealth of Europe, due freedom being thus left to the infinite possibilities, the incalculable forces, of mysterious life to be. We must give the incalculable its chance; precisely what the German ideal, with its crushing uniformity, its State-ridden efficiency, would never do. Our own ideal, the French ideal, the ideal of the Russian people (as distinct from that of their Government) responds thus to the call of the future. The German ideal is of the past.

This the Italians see, we believe, and at least, as we said, it is something to hear the truth, as we believe it, proclaimed by an authoritative voice from Italy. With all her modern realism and industrialism, Italy keeps her ideals. They have helped her to be in spirit on the side of light in this now renewed battle between light and darkness over Europe.

W. M.

REST AT TWILIGHT.

Within the moonbeam valleys
And down the wistful ways
Come all the fair illusions
That mark the weary days.
They bear the torch-like lilacs,
And their pale fingers keep
The little chords of laughter
The daisy-chains of sleep.
And there the Dreamer, watching,
Forgets the fearful Morn,
That waited for his footsteps
Or ever he was born.

MABEL LEIGH.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"A TYPICAL CASE."

"W. M.'s" ARTICLES have become such an appreciated institution that his effort to-day comes as quite a disappointment. As a rule he seems to have that insight which enables him to get at the bottom of things. To-day he appears to have tried to read without his glasses, and has absolutely failed to understand Private C's emotions. True, he may have joined because of that indescribable prompting, which made him wish to be "in the scrum," which made it impossible for him to stand aside while the other fellow went. Probably, too, he did not then visualise the battle scene. So far we are in agreement, but it is here where "W. M." ceases

bably prove simply a source of anxiety to his superior officers, besides needlessly sacrificing a life which might be more usefully spent in another sphere.

In the matter of patriotism every man must be the keeper of his own conscience. A. S. W.

CLEAN AIR.

I CAN testify with gratitude what fresh air—God's greatest gift—has done for me. Time was when I used to sit by the fire, shut the windows day and night and shudder at a healthy breeze.

I had a candid friend who asked why I should breathe the foul air any more than I would drink dirty water, the latter being less injurious. And

ANOTHER CHANGE SINCE THE WAR BEGAN.

THE PARTICULARLY FINE YOUNG MEN WHO HAVE HITHERTO CONDESCENDED TO ACT AS FOOTMEN, CLUB SERVANTS AND SO ON, MAKE SPLENDID SOLDIERS, AND THE MAJORITY THEREFORE ARE AT THE FRONT



THEIR PLACES HAVE TO BE FILLED BY THE LESS ATHLETIC AND LESS ORNAMENTAL, WHO, FOR ECONOMY'S SAKE, MAY HAVE TO INHERIT THEIR PREDECESSORS' LIVORIES

Fewer and fewer fine young men are to be found as decorative footmen and hangers-about. The medically inferior have had to take their places.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

to dig, whereas it is really only the starting-point. The novelty begins to wear off, and then Private C. (everyone of him) commences to think.

He must, and surely does, realise the ever-present possibility of an early end to his life, but he does not show it. Many of his kind possibly have known fear enter their hearts when they realise, but they conquer it. That is the point "W. M." misses, or contradicts.

Private C., be he human, to whom life is sweet, no matter the circumstances, must realise that definite possibility of death, but he carries on, grumbles, sings, chaffs and refuses to think about it.

Is there nothing heroic about that?

March 15. F. A. W.

MUSICIAN OR SOLDIER?

BY ALL MEANS let F. M.'s sister remain faithful to her violinist lover if she is satisfied as to his honour and approves his charity.

It is indisputable that some men are temperamentally unfit to be soldiers, and they should not be branded as cowards because they do not enlist.

A highly-strung, emotional recruit would pro-

also why I should insist on foul air for others. Sundry other truths were uttered of a still less complimentary nature; so I set myself to think, and the result was I opened my windows, saw to proper ventilation, and from shuddering at the "lovely, lively air" now shudder and feel exceedingly sick at the idea of rebreathing my own breath and the breath of others hour after hour.

Since this conversion I don't "catch cold," cough or sneeze. I am alive, alert, awake in the morning and my temper has so improved I don't know myself.

Doctors know all about it. One in a country town said, speaking of a new-comer who had taken an important house: "I knew there was no work for me when I saw all the windows open." It needs firmness and a little courage to tackle the bad air habit, but the rewards are out of all proportion. I am thankful that once being blind, now I see!

VERITAS.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question for individuals and for nations, is never "how much do they make," but "to what purpose they spend."—Ruskin.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE

Is Matrimony Too Expensive for a Time of National Struggle?

CELIBATES.

"OPINION," in pleading that men should spend their surplus money in charity rather than upon the upkeep of a wife, shows to what straits opponents of matrimony are reduced in argument. Clearly, if this plea were acted on, the world would soon be dead, as "G. S." has pertinently remarked.

Charity and matrimony—both good—are often combined. Generally speaking, the most good-natured and open-handed people one meets have, or are members of, large families.

On the other hand, charity without matrimony often rises to heroic heights in the dedication of a person's whole personality and property to the service of God and the poor. But this celibacy, as practised by clergy and religious orders, is hotly criticised. Anti-matrimony and anti-celibacy critics thus find themselves at cross purposes. RED CROSS.

OUR ARMY.

YOUR correspondent, "Opinion," seems, at one time of his life, to have been rather badly bitten!

May we ask him where our noble Army and the defence of Great Britain would be to-day if it had not been for the money spent on "the follies of marriage?" Does he wish our great British Empire to become extinct just because we are at war with Germany?

Are we to understand that "Opinion" runs a workhouse and is soliciting alms for his "old and needy"?

DAUNTLESS.
Boscombe, Bournemouth.

PESSIMISM.

"IF everybody intends to ignore marriage the world will soon be dead."

And a good thing too! Life can be divided into two factors—the individual and the race—and the individual who alone possesses the sense of suffering is perpetually sacrificed to the interest of the race, in various horrible ways. Why?

The race is a blind, abstract thing, without feeling or sense; why continue to offer up the individual at "the altar of Moloch"?

The morality of "G. S." and kindred minds can be summed up as follows:—That war, pestilence (in some form or other), disease, crime, death, and other sorrows must be, and cannot be altered. They admit that these things are evil, or, at least, unpleasant, yet they have no hesitation in bringing into conscious existence other lives to endure this suffering.

ANOTHER CELIBATE.

SELFISHNESS.

IT IS a common excuse of selfishness to evade the ordinary obligations of life at a time like this by talking of the needs of the great war.

I admit those needs, as we all do and must, but I admit by saying that this, more than ever, is a time for the fulfilment of our ordinary duties—the home duties of husband and wife, mother, father and child.

The remarks of self-satisfied bachelors who "don't intend to marry because it costs too much" are therefore singularly inopportune just now and are a mere pretence of the selfishness which, apparently, even the great war has not been able to repress. C. E.

Cromwell-road.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 18.—The herbaceous spring (meadow-sweet) are beautiful hardy plants, and, being easy to grow, they deserve to be widely cultivated. They will grow in an ordinary border, but in damp ground (such as near a stream or pond) they put forth their finest flowers.

Aranus (goat's beard), with handsome white plumes of flowers, is one of the best sorts, while the double dropwort, palmata (rosy campanula) and lobata (queen of the pastels), bearing rose-coloured blossoms, are valuable kinds for garden decoration and for cutting. E. F. T.

TO BRING THE GERMANS TO A FULL STOP.

BUSINESS MEN



British Engineers repairing a barbed wire entanglement at the front. No one has to work harder than the Engineer, who is called upon to build pontoons, to sap, to mine and do numberless other duties.

PRINCESS AT WEDDING.

P. 1514



The Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn and his bride, Lady Mary Parker, sister of the Earl of Morley. They were married at St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday, Princess Alexander of Teck being present.

HUSBAND RECOVERED.

P. 1103



Mrs. Gerard Leigh, whose husband has now recovered from his wounds. Before her marriage she was Miss Helen Goudy, and was a famous American beauty. —(Val L'Estrange.)

THEIR STRAW BLANKET.

P. 1103



Two British soldiers resting in a loft in Northern France. They are beautifully warm under the straw; in fact, such a bed is a luxury for men on a campaign.

KILLED.

P. 1110



Lieut. O. J. Calley, of the Wiltshire Regiment.



They are going to put away the



Colonel Cobbett superintends the "shirt sleep" of wealthy city men. They may be seen every evening vigorously working the straw of the National Guard.

DIG TRENCHES.

9931



s after a hard evening's work.

9931



have even put up a bomb-proof shelter.
shovel behind the old General Post Office. They are mem-
g how to dig trenches.

RACING THROUGH A WIRE ENTANGLEMENT.

9932



When the Yorkshire Hussars held their sports at Harlow they also practised for war, and in the obstacle race the men had to negotiate a wire entanglement. The picture shows them forcing their way through the meshes.

KILLED.

P. 17123



Lieut. M. A. A. Darby, of the Grenadier Guards,

FAMOUS HERO KILLED.

P. 16516 E



Major Chandos Leigh, who has been killed in action. He was mentioned in dispatches in more than one campaign, and displayed splendid heroism at Mons, where he was wounded.

AMBULANCE IN DITCH.

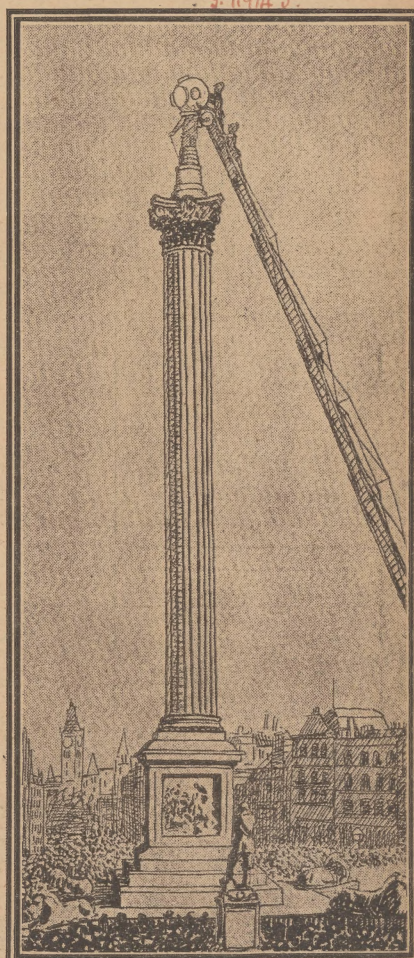
91908 N



Indians have hard work to move an ambulance which has stuck fast in a ditch. The picture gives an idea of the ground over which the vehicles have to travel.

NELSON DIVES FOR U BOATS.

9. 11914 S



Firemen run up an escape in Trafalgar-square and place a diver's helmet on the figure of Nelson. He is to be sent beneath the ocean to look for submarines, says a German comic paper.

WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS BEAUTY GIFT?

A Dainty Sample of the New "ASTINE" VANISHING CREAM, TOGETHER WITH SIX WONDERFUL LESSONS IN BEAUTY DRILL FREE.

A WONDERFUL new Toilet Cream has been discovered, which, according to all accounts, is the most perfect achievement in the history of scientific beauty culture.

The new vanishing cream "Astine," as it is called, brings instant and lasting loveliness to the complexion and prevents and overcomes a host of skin troubles. If you suffer from over dry or over moist skin, blackheads, wrinkles, lines, or any other skin blemish, you are invited to prove the exceptional qualities of "Astine" Cream to your own satisfaction free of cost.

£10,000 IN BEAUTY GIFTS.

Not only this, but its discoverer, Mr. Edwards, so well known as the inventor of the world-famous "Harlene" Hair Drill, will also send without charge a specially drawn up series of splendid lessons in Beauty Drill, and full particulars of an amazing £10,000 distribution of magnificent Toilet Dressing Cases free to users of "Harlene" and "Astine" preparations.

The new "Astine" Vanishing Cream is really wonderful in its effect. Whilst the complexion takes on a delightful new beauty and softness there is not the slightest trace whatever that any preparation at all has been applied. To test its really splendid qualities you have only to send the coupon below, together with 1d. stamp



for postage, for a dainty sample of "Astine" Vanishing Cream, the specially mapped-out Beauty Course, and full details of how you may also obtain a beautiful Toilet Beauty Casket free. "Astine" Cream is supplied by all chemists at 1s. and 2s. 6d., or direct, post free on remittance, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To the EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free supply of the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream, together with the six beauty lessons and particulars of how I may secure a Beauty Casket free. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 19/3/15.

EAT MORE CHEESE

As an article of food cheese has not been sufficiently appreciated, but now that the war is beginning to induce us to consider economy and food values, cheese is coming into its own.

It is not the sole function of cheese to be cut up in little dice and nibbled at the end of a meal. Cheese is a good, wholesome, staple food which can be made into a meal, just as meat, fish, or eggs, and strangely enough it contains more body-building proteid and heat-giving elements than any of these three articles of food—and it is cheaper.

There are many people who find ordinary cheese indigestible. They should eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which is specially made to render it perfectly digestible.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is one of the most delicious and popular cheeses on the market. Apart from containing nourishing properties like other cheese, it also contains enormous quantities of lactic cultures in pure and active form.

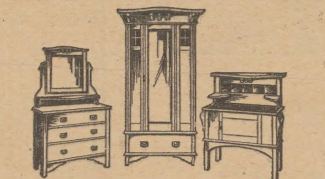
The cultures counteract and destroy harmful poisons which other foods deposit in the system.

Consequently St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is not only delicious and nourishing, but a great health food. Make it a part of your daily diet, and you will satisfy yourself as to its food and health values. Obtainable from leading grocers and dairymen throughout the country, price 6½d. a packet.—(Advt.)

ONLY
12 Days to Easter
FIRST COMERS GET FIRST CHOICE.

We have several outstanding bargains in our stock which are certain to secure quick sale. Book your order to day and avoid disappointment. Our furniture is notable for quality and design, while the prices represent a saving of 75% in the £.

CASH ONLY—NO CREDIT RISKS TO PAY FOR



SOLID Fumed Oak Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe with Plate Glass Mirror Door, Dressing Chest and Marble top, Tiled back Washstand and 1 Chair, a very £4 10 0

HANDSOME Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite, comprising Wardrobe with drawers under Dressing Chest, Washstand and Chair, well finished and fitted £6 19 6

MASSIVE Sideboard, finest Burrell Plates, splendid finish and fittings, handsomely carved, in Solid Walnut £4 19 6

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THE CASH HOUSE LONDON, S.E. (Right opposite Elephant & Castle Bakerloo Station.)

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by it. Stamp for booklet, T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-st., W.C. MIDDLESEX Yeomary.—Recruits wanted at once; good for men wishing to join a mounted corps.

any day (except Sunday) between 10 and 11. CINEMA Acting—Well-known producer trains pupils; always vacancies.—71a, Wool Exchange, E.C. FURS—Squirrel Tail Cutters and Twisters required; good wages; constant employment.—Apply to George Rice, Ltd., Hudson Bay Works, Watford, Stratford, E. JUNIOR Shorthand Typist (male) in newspaper office; salary to commence, 20s.—Box 3,000, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard, E.C. SMART Boy Wanted for office of London Newspaper.—Apply Box 2017, "Daily Mirror," 23 and 29, Boulevard, E.C. TWO smart young men as Telephone Operators; used to switchboard.—Apply Room 9, "Daily Mirror," 23, Boulevard, E.C.

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as all other good Housewives do. And so buy

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

BRITISH-MADE from Choicest NUTS and MILK.

Popularly priced as
1/- DOUBLE WEIGHT,
D. **6** FOR 1-LB.

ONE QUALITY ONLY:
THE VERY BEST.

The One Perfect
Substitute for Butter.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

848 BRANCHES NOW OPEN.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The Ideal family remedy. Contains no opium, morphine, paregoric, or other harmful drug. Cures at all ages.

COUGHS, COLDS & INFLUENZA

Veno's is the surest and speediest cure for these winter ills, the best protection against more serious dangers.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

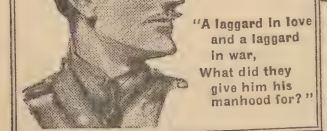
Soon yield to Veno's—even Whooping cough. And there is no trouble in giving it, children simply love Veno's.

Large Trial Bottle **9½d** Other sizes 1/4 and 2/6, from chemists and stores everywhere. Refuse substitutes, they are not "just as good as Veno's."

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A faggard in love and a faggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become a slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he lately has been rousing out of himself. Just lately his easy-going has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections, interrupted by the sound of his reflection, are interrupted by the sound of his reflection. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying. "Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and a house with 20,000 a year waiting to marry him. . . . He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . ." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of going, but he told him his doubts. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks for the latest news of the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them. Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver.

To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking.

"Francis," she says, "I'm going to what you call me."

"I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the Franklyn's dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you so much you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, she is at a loss to explain what he is looking for. Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton, distressed from the circle of his friends, and old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has not in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

When walking one day Montague suddenly sees Chatterton in khaki. When he sees Sonia enter he not only says it to himself, but lies and says that Richard has come to America. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Indiscreetly old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard had enlisted. They all go down to Burvale, where Jardine hears that Chatterton's battalion is off to the front. The day after that, down Sonia comes, a pretty nurse and a man all muddled up in a taxicab. The man turns his head and looks at her—it is Richard Chatterton.

THE OTHER GIRL.

SONIA sat staring before her through the pale sunshine with unseeing eyes. She felt as if someone had given her a blow over the heart; for the moment she was incapable of thought or action.

Richard! . . . once before she had imagined that she had seen him in a passing taxicab and been mistaken, but this time she was sure.

And old Jardine had said he was abroad! . . . her mind was confused; and it all seemed like some dreamy phantasy.

Richard here, when she had believed him on his way to America; Richard driving with another woman!

The blood rushed back to her heart; she could feel it surging to her face in a flaming tide.

How soon he had forgotten her! How little, after all, that look of his had meant when they parted—the hurt expression of his eyes that had haunted her since like a reproach.

Another woman, and such a pretty woman, too!

Sonia bit her lip; she wondered if this were only anger that he should so soon have transferred his allegiance, or if it were jealousy! . . . Why should she be jealous?—he was nothing to her. What did she care how he spent his time, or with whom?

Old Jardine came trotting across the path from the florist's shop towards her. He carried a huge bunch of flowers and was followed by

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

an attendant with more. Lady Merriam was still in the shop.

"For you, my dear!" he said, laying his burden in her lap. "Lady Merriam said they were your favourite flowers."

Gorgeous, scented violets, of wonderful Neapolitan blue.

"Thank you—thank you very much," Sonia answered. She lifted the flowers and laid her cheek against them. With their perfume came a rush of intolerable memory.

Chatterton had always sent her violets; they seemed so irrevocably bound up in her life with him. For a moment she closed her eyes.

Old Jardine was watching her with faint anxiety.

"Is anything the matter, my dear? You look very pale."

She was pale no longer. She felt as if the flush that dyed cheeks must envelope the whole of her body. She was jealous—she knew it now; miserably, cruelly jealous of the nurse who had that pretty face—the girl who had smiled a welcome to Richard Chatterton.

Impulsively she rushed into speech. Lady Merriam was still lingering in the shop.

"I thought you told me Mr. Chatterton had gone to America; you did tell me so, I know."

But he went by just now; he drove by in a taxi. . . .

"What!" Old Jardine almost shouted his exclamation. There was a glimmer of gleam in his eyes.

"Richard, here, in London! Impossible! Why . . ."

he broke off, covering his delight with a very exaggerated cough.

"It was he; I know I am not mistaken," Sonia went on unhesitatingly. "And he saw me."

It was—was he was with a girl in nurse's uniform. . . .

"What!" Once again the exclamation was almost a shout. "With a girl in nurse's uniform!"

Bless my soul!"

He looked at Sonia expectantly. Of course, now she knew the whole secret; now she had seen Dick, she must also have seen his uniform; there was no longer any mystery necessary; but

she was no longer and she said nothing; her averted face looked strangely cold and set.

Old Jardine dashed off into rapid speech again.

Perhaps you were mistaken, my dear; surely he would have spoken to you had it been he; perhaps . . .

"I don't think so. Besides—they were gone in a flash. There would have been no time even had he wished to and I am glad that he did not; it would only be painful for us—both. . . ."

So she did not know! Old Jardine was frankly puzzled. He was tremendously relieved when Lady Merriam joined them.

"Money flies!" said her ladyship as she sank down to the luxurious seat beside Sonia. "I'd spent three pounds before I knew it, and had to borrow from Mr. Jardine. Don't forget to remind me to pay you back, my dear."

She added, hastily, turning to Sonia. "I've got a shocking memory where money is concerned."

The car started forward again.

"I'm just beginning to enjoy myself," Lady Merriam said again, ecstatically. "Not that I haven't enjoyed your beautiful Burvale, my dear," she added, hastily, turning to Sonia.

"But with this war on, I do like to be on the spot, as it were. Down in the country one can't keep in touch with things; all the news is hours away. Give me London before any place in the world."

Old Jardine drove with them to their hotel. "I am going to write myself to dinner to-night," he said. "And we can all go on to the concert together. I hope you'll enjoy it."

He looked at Sonia. He was dying to tell Lady Merriam what had happened when she was in the florist's, but did not know how to do so.

"Why not stay to lunch with us?" she said; but old Jardine shook his head.

"Should be delighted, but I've got an appointment. Tell you about it later," he added in an undertone as Sonia moved away.

He rushed off in a great hurry; he meant to find out somehow if Chatterton were in London, but how to start about it he was utterly at a loss.

Nobody at the club knew anything, or, if they did, all old Jardine's most tactful questioning elicited nothing. To most of them Chatterton was wiped off the slate; he had been quite a good fellow, oh, quite! Always willing to throw his money about when he had got any; but there had been some little upset. No, nobody could know the truth of it; it was, anyhow, London had been a bit too warm for complete comfort, and he had wisely disappeared.

That was all they knew or troubled about; there were plenty of other men to fill his place; let him go.

Old Jardine began to lose heart; if Richard were back in town and in the company of a uniformed nurse, it could only mean one thing, that Richard was wounded or ill.

It was a fortnight since his battalion went to France; of course, there was plenty of time for him to have stopped a bullet, but—old Jardine had a brain wave; he scrambled through his lunch, and dashed off to Clement's Inn to the office of the solicitor who had administered Chatterton's affairs when he had had any affairs to administer.

The solicitor knew old Jardine very well, but he hesitated to give the required information; he admitted that Richard was back in town; admitted that he had seen him.

"Invalided home, of course," said old Jardine. He was standing very erect, with squared shoulders; he spoke sharply in a military voice; he felt a sort of proud ownership in this one of the many thousands of brave men.

"Yes—nothing serious—a shrapnel wound in the right shoulder, he tells me, and of course he can't use his arm for the present. Bad luck, isn't it? It happened when he'd only been under fire a couple of days. He's going back, of course."

"Of course," echoed old Jardine, rather fiercely. "And what did you say his address was?"

The other man smiled.

"I didn't say, but . . . well, I suppose there's no harm in telling you, though he did not wish it to be generally known. . . ."

He wrote the address on a card, and gave it to old Jardine.

"It's a sort of private hospital, I believe," he said. "Some millionaire is financing the whole concern. Chatterton tells me they treat them excellently."

IN THE TRENCHES.

OLD Jardine hurried off. He felt like an excited schoolboy when he reached his destination. He nearly had a row with a porter, who insisted firmly, but politely, that he waited in an ante-room while he made inquiries for Mr. Chatterton. Old Jardine would have gone off on an immediate voyage of discovery by himself.

But he had not long to wait. When presently he was being escorted across the wide entrance hall, Chatterton came out of an opposite door to meet him.

He was looking a little thin and pale, and he wore his right arm in a sling. But he smiled cheerily enough when he saw his visitor.

"You're a regular sleuth hound," he said, as old Jardine seized his left hand in a bear-like grip. "How did you find me out? I didn't mean to tell you I was back. It seems such an absurdity to only be out there a few days before getting winged. It's nothing serious, of course. Mere scratch, in fact, but they insisted that I should come home. . . . But how did you run me to earth?"

"I didn't, my boy. . . . I shouldn't have known a word about it, only Sonia saw you this morning in Regent-street—said she saw you drive by in a taxi with a nurse. Did you see her?"

Chatterton smiled.

"So, apparently, you've no complaints to

(Continued on page 13.)

Says Polly Pan,
"I always can
Be bright, with due reflection,
Because I choose
To always use
Old Dutch for my complexion."

Old Dutch Cleanser
makes all cleaning
light—Paint, Floors,
Brasses, Windows,
Dishes, Glass, Enamel,
Marble—everything.

FREE

"THE SPICKANS PAN FOLKS"
A Funny Jingle Book with Coloured
Pictures, for Children, sent on
request to

"Old Dutch," 28a, Monument Street,
London, E.C.

Old Dutch
Cleanser

Of all Grocers, Oilmen & Ironmongers.



In Large
Sifter Tin.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Remarkable Series of Articles.

The wonders of No. 2 of the *Sunday Pictorial* grow apace. The editor has assembled a really remarkable series of special articles by a brilliant array of writers. As well as Mr. Austin Harrison's article, which I mentioned yesterday, the *Sunday Pictorial* No. 2 will contain contributions by Mr. Arnold White, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Horatio Bottomley and others.

Mr. Max Pemberton's Contribution.

Mr. Max Pemberton is writing on "Is the War Hurting Religion?" It is an extremely clever article, and will make a very deep impression, I am sure, for it brings out many novel aspects of the effect of the war upon modern conditions.

No "Sunday Pictorial" at the Front.

By the way, the *Sunday Pictorial* soon reached the front. I had a letter yesterday from a friend in the Lincolns "somewhere in France," in which he said: "Everybody here likes the *Sunday Pictorial*. The trouble was that we had only one or two copies to go round so many. Congratulate the editor for me and send some more next week." Quick work, that, I think.

Don't Delay.

Have you ordered your copy yet? There are to be hours of interesting reading in No. 2 of the *Sunday Pictorial*. It might be wet on Sunday, and you might find your newsgate sold out. And you would be sorry then.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan Sails for England.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan—it comes hard to remember not to write "Jr." after his name—is on his way to England, I hear. He sailed yesterday, and he is coming over to arrange money matters in view of a probable loan to be raised in the United States by one or all of the Allied Powers.



Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Like His Father.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan is growing wonderfully like his better-known father, as this photograph will show. He has many of his father's tastes, too, though his interest in art is perhaps not so keen.

His English Ancestry.

By the way, I did not know until the other day that the Pierpont Morgans are descended from the English family of Pierpont, or, rather, Pierrepoint, as we spell it. The representative of the family in England is Lord Manvers.

Flourishing in New England.

The common ancestor of this peer and the great American financier was the father of a Pierpont who emigrated to the American colonies early in the seventeenth century. The Pierponts, descendants of this early emigrant, form one of the most important of New England families to-day.

Treasures for the Red Cross.

I told you how I went last week to Christie's and saw the almost priceless treasures which our famous families are putting up for auction in aid of the Red Cross Fund. Yesterday I saw a further development—another branch of it.

Theatrical Rarities.

Not to be outdone, the theatrical world is disposing of its own particular historic treasures. Sir George Alexander has given the use of his model room at the St. James's Theatre, and it is rapidly being filled with all sorts of theatrical curiosities and mementoes. I saw letters there from every conceivable theatrical celebrity, past and present, and famous relics were as plentiful as gooseberries in August.

Macready's Prompt Book.

The most interesting relic, I thought, was the great Macready's personal prompt book of "Henry V.," which was produced at Covent Garden in 1815. It is particularly interesting because of the spelling of the name. In all the later theatrical references you will find it spelt "Macready." But there it is, "MCready," in his own handwriting.

Mr. Tuke's Illness.

I am sorry to learn that Mr. Henry S. Tuke, the R.A., is lying seriously ill at his house in Hanwell. Mr. Tuke's distinctive sea pictures have been one of the most faithful features of Academys for many, many years past.



Mr. H. S. Tuke, R.A.

You know those "bathing boys" pictures he always paints: they are nearly all of them done in the same spot, a little cove—an open air studio, one might call it—just outside Falmouth. There is a white rowing-boat drawn up in the cove there that Mr. Tuke has made famous.

Mr. Homy's Floating Studio.

Mr. Napier Homy, another fine sea painter, also makes Falmouth his headquarters. He has a floating studio, a yacht with a sort of greenhouse built on to it, which he takes cruising in the summer time.

Yesterday's Big Wedding.

I don't go to weddings as a rule. They terrify me. But I saw something of the St. Aubyn-Parker wedding yesterday by chance. I was passing along Prince's-gardens just when the guests were arriving at No. 31 from the church for the reception.

"... Socks for Soldiers."

As I reached the house one lady was just stepping out from her motor-car to enter the house, and as she crossed the pavement she dropped a ball of grey wool. Quite unconscious of the fact, she ran up the steps, while the errant ball of wool rolled towards the roadway and a thin thread spread between.

No Time Wasted.

And I wondered if anybody had knitted on the way from a wedding to the reception before.

Disappointed—Very.

The postponement of the Alhambra revue until to-night and Sir James Barrie's burlesque at the Duke of York's until Monday has disappointed bitterly two or three young subalterns I know, who had been at great pains to arrange their leave in such a manner that they could work in the two evenings, at the Duke of York's and the Alhambra.

Not So Easy Nowadays.

Now, of course, they are "done in," for their furlough expires on Friday, and they must postpone the unknown joys of new songs and new dances in the revue and Gaby in the



Miss Leo White, who is appearing in the new Alhambra revue.

burlesque until the next time they get up to town—a period, by the way, which is becoming every week more uncertain, as leave nowadays is a boon not easily secured.

A Rash Youth.

A young officer home on short leave from the front attended a dinner-party with a very bad cold. "I expect you caught it in those terrible trenches," murmured his sympathetic hostess. "No," was the reply, "it's due to my coming home. I never used to catch cold in the trenches." "Isn't that singular?" exclaimed the lady. "Not at all," replied the officer. "I've very imprudently taken baths since leaving France."

Major Richardson's Famous Dogs.

I had a note yesterday from Major Richardson, whose breed of Alderale terriers has won so much fame as police dogs. Some of these sagacious dogs are now out at the front doing good work as sentries, and Major Richardson tells me that he has just heard a good story of their work.

A Night Patrol.

An officer recently home on forty-eight hours' leave told him of an experience he had had with a sentry dog. One dark night he took out the sentry dog on patrol duty in front of our trenches near the German wire entanglements. They moved along for some time and saw nothing. Suddenly the dog, who was working a little to the left front, stopped dead, pointed, and gave a low growl.

The Dog Found Them.

Immediately the men lay motionless on the ground. Two Germans rose up as if out of the ground in front of him, and they were immediately bayoneted. The dog had discovered two German sentries in a new sap of which our men knew nothing.

"Eye-Witness."

"Eye-Witness" stories of the glorious feats of our "contemptible little Army" have been peculiarly interesting lately. Yesterday's account is perhaps the best we have had, and it does credit to its writer, who in this case, as in the last few accounts, I can identify as Lord Percy.



Lord Percy.

There have, of course, been many "Eye-Witnesses" during this war, but I think Lord Percy's style is most distinctive and most vivid.

Bands at the Front.

I heard yesterday from a man "just back" that Mr. Atkins's task is made a little easier now by the presence of bands at the bases and rest camps.

Cannon Accompaniment.

Regular concerts are held in the evenings, and my informant tells me that it is very impressive to listen to one of these concerts attended by masses of cheery soldiers, and to hear all the while the distant boom of guns from the firing line a few miles away.

Breaking Class Barriers.

The war has been responsible for the doing away of many barriers between the classes, and things are now happening which would not have been thought possible a year ago. In not a few grand mansions Tommies on leave or wounded have been entertained as honoured guests.

Deserved Hospitality.

They have done something for a son or brother at the front, and so have been invited to the old home to be made much of with the tact and consideration for the comfort of the guest which the chateaux of a great English mansion can display better than any other in the world, whether to the humblest or the highest in the land.

Lord Tweedmouth's C.M.G.

Among the list of names of those who have just been awarded the C.M.G. I see that of the popular and versatile Lord Tweedmouth, now a major in the Royal Horse Guards. The only son of Gladstone's famous Lieutenant, he showed his ability as a soldier in the South African War, in which, serving in the Household Brigade, he won the D.S.O. and brought to England the first Boer flag seen in this country.

A Walk On Part.

He is a polo player of great ability, and in 1912 was one of a British team that spent a merry and sporting winter in California. He has always been interested in the stage, and the story is told that he once played a walk on part in a New York theatre in order to win a wager. THE RAMBLER.

WRIGLEY'S SPECIAL OFFER.

There's lots of little things the soldiers at the front and in the trenches want, and they look to you for them.

Wrigley's Spearmint "chewing gum" is always a first favourite. It's so satisfying, relieving thirst, hunger, fatigue and monotony.

Tommy loves it—it's such a splendid substitute for drink, food and bacon. Why not send one of these enlarged, big boxes, only 1s. 6d. for 40 bars, to your particular pal? He'll send you a warm letter of thanks. If you can't buy locally, send direct, and Wrigley's forward you post free.



Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum is good for everyone. It's a fine dentifrice, keeps the breath pure, aids digestion, and there's nothing better for allaying tobacco and drinking habits.

When you're dry it's as good as a drink—soothes your nerves better than a pipe, cigar or cigarette. It's delicious in taste—a dainty sweetmeat which answers a hundred purposes.

This Special "40 Bars in a Box" Offer is open to all. All chemists and confectioners stock Wrigley's Spearmint, but if you have difficulty send direct to Wrigley's, Ltd., Lambeth Palace Rd., S.E.

A SPLENDID GIFT FOR THE SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

Buy a Box Today and send it on. If unable to procure locally, send 1/6 direct to

WRIGLEY'S, LTD., LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, S.E.

5,000 FREE SUPPLIES FOR READERS.

Intended for Those Who Are Suffering from Rheumatism or Any Form of Complaint Arising from Uric Acid.

Note this splendid offer carefully and send at once in order to avoid disappointment—for in "Urillac" you will find a positive cure for the rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuralgia or whatever form your uric acid complaint takes. Thousands of readers know too well how rheumatism handicaps them, especially when the hands and wrists are affected. No freedom of movement, no power to perform work, every joint swollen and tender, causing excruciating pain and misery, and added to this, the pitiful distortion which invariably accompanies the condition.

Read through this list of symptoms and if "the cap fits" write at once for one of these special supplies.

Stiff, Painful Joints. Aching Back. Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands. Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains. Cutting Pains in the Legs. Throbbing Pains in the Temples. Acute Aching Round the Eyes. Rheumatoid Arthritis. Draughts of Cold Air Seeming to Cut the Skin. Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

From the very first the pains are assuaged, the burning, racking torments are diminished and comparative comfort follows. Soon you are reinstated in vigour and health, free from agony and discomfort. All this can be proved free of charge and without obligation, for all you need do is to write asking for the gift supply, just enclosing 2d. for postage. Don't suffer longer, write to-day and by return start your cure. "Urillac" is positive and permanent in its results. Address your letter to the "Urillac" Co. (Dept. D.M.), 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

URILLAC

"DISSOLVES EVERY SIGN OF URIC ACID EXCESS."

"Urillac" can be obtained of Boots', Parkes', Timothy White, and Taylor's Drug Stores, and Chemists and Stores everywhere. 1s. 1/6, and 2s. 9d., or post free from the "Urillac" Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

DANGEROUS DEBILITY.

Debility may result from a number of causes—worry, after-effects of acute illness, lack of nourishment due to disordered digestion, or anything that makes the blood thin, thereby preventing it from carrying health and nourishment to the tissues of the body.

The symptoms of debility vary, but weakness is always present, often a tendency to be fatigued easily, ringing in the ears, spots passing before the eyes, weak back, dizziness, wakefulness caused by inability to stop thinking, and unrefreshing sleep.

Debility is dangerous because it weakens the body's defence against disease. For instance, debilitated people take cold easily, and spring is always a trying time for them. When you have had one cold after another your system needs building up.

The treatment of such run-down conditions with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is based on sound medical principles and common sense. These Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up the blood so that it nourishes every part of the body—nerves as well as muscles—and brings vigour, strength and health.

You should begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day; obtain them at your druggists, but remember that substitutes will not do.

FREE—Send a postcard for the useful book, "The Blood and its Work," free to all readers who send name and address to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv.)



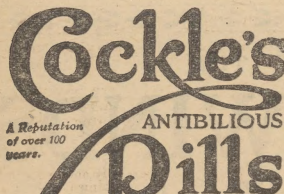
LOOK YOUR BEST.

As to Your Hair and Skin Outdoors Will Help You.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-oil-free emulsions preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under all conditions.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST

With 32-p. book, Address F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.4. Eng. Sold throughout the world.



taken whenever you are feeling not up to the mark, depressed, liverish and out of sorts, will quickly put you right. For any indisposition arising from sluggish liver or disordered digestion, they are the best medicine you can have. Two at bedtime.

Cockle's Pills of Chemists throughout the world, 1/1 and 2/6 a box.

PERSONAL.

ROBINETTE—Pais. Priorec encure unefois dissap valentidus. Dimanche?
GIRL—Coming Mon. 22nd, 10.30, unless we are moved or breakdown. Write if suitable—R.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

* * * The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisements manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard, London.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANTIQUES, Old China, beadwork bags, silk pictures, old coloured prints, gold and silver valises, oddments, etc., bought for cash—Boulton, 355, Oxford-st., W.
ANTIQUARIAL Teeth (old Bought—Messrs. Browning, A. Dental Manufacturers, 83, Abchurch-lane, London.
Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full values by return or offer made; call or post; Ed. 100 years.
ANTIQUARIAL Teeth (Old Bought; on valentine, up to A. 6s. 6d. per tooth; silver, 10s.; gold, 12s. 6d.; platinum, 21 1/2s.; immediate cash or offer.—Call or post, mentioning "Daily Mirror." Messrs. Paget, 219, Oxford-st., London. Ed. 100 years.
ANTIQUARIAL Teeth (old) wanted, any kind, up to 6s. A each pinned tooth on valentine, 10s. 6d. on silver, 12s. on gold, 50s. on platinum; each offer unequalled else where by return of post; goods returned post free if necessary.—Raymond, 5030 City (mention D.M.).
CASH-OF Clothes—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc.; best prices; buyers and free by return of post parcels—Myers, 96, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1843 Park.
TO THE Fish-Wishing to Increase Their Olfact to War Charities—Sell for Cash your Old Gold, Gold Jewellery, Gold Watches, Gold Bracelets, Gold Chains, Gold Medals, Gold Trinkets, etc. to Frasers, the well-known and most reliable house, who purchase at highest prices or make offer by return, no transaction too large, none too small; reference Capital and Counties Bank—Fraser's (Ipwich); Ltd., Goldsmiths, Dept. 57, Princess-st., Ipswich. Est. 1833.

THE BOMBARDIER TRAINING AT A BRIGHTON.



Wells (white sweater) sparring with Harry Mansfield. Wells is training at Brighton for his match with Moran—"Daily Mirror" photograph.)

EIGHT LOST IN WRECK.

North Swept by Heavy Snowstorms—Fishing Boat Sinks in Gale.

Snow all over the country, cold, biting winds, sleet and rain—such was March's bitter humour yesterday.

The following report from Hawick gives an idea of the wintry conditions that prevailed in the North:—

Worst snowstorm for many years raged during the morning, snow lying from 1ft. to 2ft. in depth. While the morning sun was conveying newspapers and mails from Edinburgh to Hawick was approaching Hesseenden three railway men, rendered deaf by the storm, were knocked down, two of them—William White and Richard Renwick—being killed.

Eight of the crew of the steamer Tinas (470 tons), of Newry, are reported to have been lost by the capsizing of the vessel yesterday off Ballyhalbert, on the Co. Down coast. So far as is known, the first mate and one seaman are the only men saved. They were picked up by the Belfast steamer Ailsa Craig.

Four lives were lost as the result of a fishing boat sinking off Newbiggin, Northumberland, yesterday. Another boat attached to the fishing fleet is missing, and it is feared that this also may have met with disaster.

Miserable weather was experienced in London. A slight drizzling fall of snow in the morning changed to rain.

£5,000 FOR SNAPSHOTS.

"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer for Amateur Photographs of War Incidents.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by The Daily Mirror of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive that we have set aside a further £3,650 for more war snapshots.

This additional sum will be paid out, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional £3,650 makes The Daily Mirror's offer the handsomest ever held out to amateur photographers.

Plims will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed. This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision is final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in The Daily Mirror.

Send all your war snapshots to The Daily Mirror, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

A LIEUTENANT'S SACRIFICE.

Lieutenant A. W. Forbes, of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, who has been invalided home, has received information of the manner in which his brother, Lieutenant D. K. Forbes, of the Suffolk Regiment, was killed in action. A guide detailed to take his company through a wood near Ypres lost his way, and eventually the company found itself only seven yards from the German trenches.

Lieutenant D. Forbes, who was in front with his platoon, was struck.

Lieutenant Forbes died almost immediately, and while gallantly attending to him during his last few moments Lieutenant Smith was shot through the heart.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

make!" he said, cheerily. "Well, that's good hearing. Is there anything I can do for you—anything you want?"

Chatterton shook his head.

Nothing, I think, thanks. They do us capably here—it seems like Paradise after the trenches. . . . He made a little grimace, and then laughed apologetically. "But, of course, we're all keen to get back," he added. "And there's a funny side to it all as well, you know. We've got some fellows in our crowd who would have made a fortune on the stage. They keep our spirits up with their jokes and nonsense on the worst day, I can tell you. . . ."

He got up with a little sigh, and walked over to the window. There was a momentary silence.

"So Sonia told you she saw me, did she?" he said presently. "How is she—well?"

"Yes."

"And—happy?" The question came jerkily.

Old Jardine hesitated.

"It's difficult to say," he answered at last. "Montague wanted to rush her off to the registrar's, and she wouldn't consent, so he got huffed, and hasn't been near her for a few days. . . . But I suppose he'll turn up smiling again when he knows she's in town."

"Have you only just come back from Burvale, then?"

"She and Lady Merriam came up this morning. I'm taking them to a concert to-night—the Grand Duke's concert for the Russian wounded, you know. . . ."

No answer. Chatterton was staring into the street with wistful eyes.

"By the way," old Jardine went on. "I met a young friend of your's down at Burvale; nice boy, named Courtenay. He said I met him before—that time we were all down there with you—but I didn't remember him. He was furious with Sonia for. . . ."

Chatterton swung round.

"Like his unfounded imprudence!" he said, angrily. "What the deuce has it got to do with him, I should like to know?"

"Nothing—except that he seems to be a great admirer of your's."

Chatterton laughed.

"Oh, he's a nice boy enough. . . . What's he doing, by the way?"

"The last time I saw him was at Euston; he was off to join something or other; very enthusiastic, but he'd been thrown out once—couldn't pass the doctor, you know."

Chatterton made no comment; he was pacing the room restlessly. There were a hundred questions he was burning to ask about Sonia—

a hundred things he was longing to know; he had thought so much about her during these few days in France that had seemed like so many weary years; the torturous, wakeful nights had been filled with her; his one thought with the first shock of pain that had dropped him had been of Sonia. . . .

"I shall never see her again—never!"

He could laugh at himself now for that; it had been but a trifling wound after all; but out there, with death and destruction all around, it had been tragedy.

He swung round, asking an abrupt question.

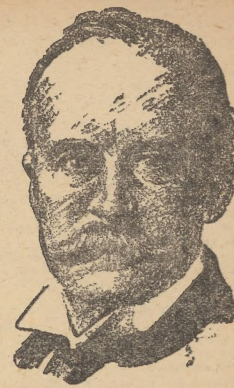
"What part of the house are you going to to-night?"

"What part of the house? Oh, the concert! Stalls, I believe; but I really forget. . . . Why?"

Chatterton laughed mirthlessly.

"Oh, I'm not proposing to go, you don't think that," he said. "Only I thought I should just like to have a look at Sonia. I might manage to get up in the balcony, or somewhere, perhaps, without letting her see me."

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.



Mr. John Bryan, Neville's Cross, Durham.

An Account of His Life of Hardship

through kidney complaint and stone in the bladder, and

His Five Year Cure.

"February 25th, 1910. "All my life I have had to work hard, and am glad to admit it. But as a youth, through going into the cold air after getting overheated at my work, I contracted the kidney weakness and stone in the bladder that caused years of wretchedness and almost unhinged my mind.

"Constant backache, bladder pains, gravel and sleeplessness made work a burden. I went from bad to worse as years went on.

"Bladder relief was so painful that I used to scream aloud, and the perspiration poured from me. At last my strength was exhausted, and I lay in bed for six weeks under the best attention, but without avail—my case seemed hopeless.

"It was at this stage I tried Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. The way in which this medicine brought relief astonished me. It induced a free flow from the bladder, eased my pain and enabled me to sleep. Countless pieces of stone began to leave my system, and in a few weeks' time I was out and about.

"My belief is that Doan's Pills dissolved the stone, and I know at least that I am absolutely cured, for I am now better than ever in my life. (Signed) JOHN BRYAN."

5 YEARS LATER.

On February 25th, 1915, Mr Bryan said:—

"I am still in wonderful health for no sign of stone, gravel, backache or kidney trouble has returned since Doan's Pills cured me many years ago."

Perhaps Your Daily Work MAKES YOU ILL.

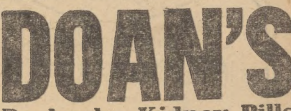
Many Trades Weaken the Kidneys.

Are you dragging yourself to and from your work, wondering what causes those pains in the back, that tired feeling, the headaches, dizziness, and urinary ills?

You may have thought of kidney trouble, but wondered what you could have done to hurt the kidneys.

Well, many trades that call for work inside; in cramped positions; in changing temperatures; in damp places, among chemicals; or on jolting vehicles are themselves hard on the kidneys, and once the kidneys get upset, they can't rest.

You could help them by taking things easier, eating less, avoiding all excesses and worries, by getting more exercise and sleep, and by using Doan's Backache Kidney Pills to repair the damage, just as Mr. John Bryan, of Durham, did.



All Dealers, or 2s. 9d. a box, 6 boxes 13s. 9d.; from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

Be sure you get the same Pills as Mr. Bryan had.

NEWS ITEMS.

Fund That Keeps On Growing.

The National Relief Fund yesterday rose to £4,834,000.

Easter Excursions.

The Railway Executive has not yet come to a decision with regard to day or half-day trips this Easter.

Captain's Tragic Death.

Captain Hatherley, of the Allan liner Mongolian, says a Reuter Halifax message, struck the hatch beam and was killed in the hold.

Death of Sir John Bingham.

Sir John Bingham, head of the firm of Walker and Hall, Sheffield, pioneers of the electro-plate industry, died in London yesterday.

Banned Is the Band.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Dutch Indies, says Reuter, has forbidden military bands to play "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

Bombs on Funeral Procession.

A German airman, says the Exchange, threw two bombs on a funeral cortege which was going to the cemetery at Dampierre les Bois.

"Enemy" Leeches.

The Birmingham Midland Eye Hospital, it was stated yesterday, had been unable to obtain leeches since the outbreak of war as the supply came from Austria.

Canadian Soldier Killed.

As the result of a collision near West Malling (Kent), yesterday, between two vehicles belonging to the Canadian Division, six men were injured, one of whom, Private H. H. Dobson, of Edmonton, Alberta, has died.

BRITONS IN LEGION OF HONOUR.

How highly the French esteem the skill and courage of British officers is shown by the award, announced last night in a supplement to the *Gazette*, of the Legion of Honour to nine British officers.



SIR W. PULTENEY. SIR J. WILCOCKS.
(Elliott and Fry.)



British officers. Among them are the following, who are made "Grand Officers" of the Legion: Lieutenant-General Sir J. Willocks, commanding Indian Army Corps.

Major-General, temporary Lieutenant-General, W. P. Pulteney, commanding Third Army Corps. Major-General, temporary Lieutenant-General, E. H. H. Allenby, Colonel 5th Royal Irish Lancers, commanding Cavalry Corps.

The "Croix de Commandeur" (Commander's Cross) is awarded to Colonel, temporary Brigadier-General, M. Harper, General Staff, British Army in the field. The other nine officers, among whom is Hon. Colonel Lord Brook (A.D.C. to Field-Marshal Sir John French), receives the "Croix de Chevalier."

U9's DAY DONE.

AMSTERDAM, March 17.—In a letter dated March 2, published in the *Lokale Nieuwspaper*, the brother of the well-known submarine officer, Otto Weddigen, writes that the latter was for some days confined to his room in Wilhelmshaven, having sprained his foot.

He adds that the U9 (Weddigen's former submarine) "is no longer fit for long voyages."—Reuter.

ROYAL WEDDING GUEST.

Princess Alexander of Teck Attends Marriage of Lady Mary Parker.

The Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn, brother of Lord St. Levan, was married to Lady Mary Parker, the only sister of the Earl of Morley, at St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday.

The bride wore a charming gown of satin and old Venetian lace.

Princess Alexander of Teck, who attended the ceremony, wore a smart short coat of sable over a skirt of putty cloth draped with a wide brown velvet sash tied low at the back, and her hair was pinned back with a tuft of fluffy marquis.

Lady Evelyn Moreton represented the Duchess of Albany, to whom the bridegroom is equerry, and Miss Heron Maxwell was in attendance upon the Princess.

The only bridesmaid, Miss Rosalind Benson, cousin of the bride, wore a dress of ecru chiffon embroidered with silken flowers in shades of pink, and her black tulle hat was trimmed with a simple bunch of pink daisies.

She held her own bunch of tulips and the bride's huge bouquet of white carnations throughout the choral service.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

Although intensely cold, the weather was fine at Newbury yesterday, and another capital crowd was present to see the Shamrock Hurdle Handicap and a strong programme, including the Grand National Trial Steeplechase.

Lord Rosbery's Wrack was made favourite for the big race, and making all the running won comfortably from Catch Penny and Whiteboy. In a capital race for the Trial Steeplechase Ally Sloper and Courtveten were the best-backed of the field in early running. The first-named was unplaced, and Courtveten was just beaten in a very exciting finish by Usury, with Ilston third, a long way behind.

There will be racing to-day at Hurst Park and Haydock Park. The interest in the day's sport will centre in the Champion Steeplechase at the Southern gathering, for which several prominent Grand National horses may be in appearance. My selections for both meetings are appended:—

HURST PARK.

2.0.—PREZEE.
2.30.—BALSCADDEN.
3.0.—THISTLEBIRD.
3.30.—ASHFORD.
4.0.—MERIDIAN.
4.30.—TUBERULENCE.

HAYDOCK PARK.

2.0.—PICTON LAD.
2.30.—UNCLE MICHAEL.
3.0.—OVER ANXIOUS.
3.30.—FRANCO.
4.0.—VICTOR PLEICITAS.
4.30.—PRINCE FRANCIS.

Double Event for To-day.

*BALSCADDEN and PICTON LAD.
BOUVIERIE.

NEWBURY RACING RETURNS.

2.0.—Lambourn Hurdle. 2m.—Marcher Gwyn (10-1, P. Smith), 1; Redoubt (10-1), 2; Blind Hockey (4-6), 3. 8 ran.

2.30.—Reading Chase. 2m. 50yds.—E.R. (6-4, Mr. H. Brown), 1; Salvation (13-8), 2; Review (8-1), 3. 5 ran.

3.0.—Shamrock Hurdle. 2m.—V.W. (8-4, G. Duller), 1; Catch Penny (6-1), 2; White Boy (8-1), 3. 11 ran.

3.30.—Grand National Chase. 3 1/4m.—Usury (5-1, Mr. Harrison), 1; Courtveten H. (7-3), 2; Ilston (10-1), 3. 9 ran.

4.0.—Spring Chase. 2m. 50yds.—Elgon (4-1, W. J. Smith), 1; Fregus (4-1), 2; Captain Dreyfus (7-3), 3. 10 ran.

4.30.—Four-Year-Old Hurdle. 2m.—Nenuhar (2-1, G. Duller), 1; Larange (6-1), 2; Langley (7-1), 3. 7 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—10 Outram (6), 100-9 View Lay (6), 100-7 Lord Amundale and Polyartes (t, o), 100-6 Courageous and By George (t, o), 20 Mount William (t, o), 25 Cheerful (6).

GRAND NATIONAL.—100-12 Bachelor's Flight (o), 100-8 Lord Marcus (t, o).

The Henley Grand Challenge Cup, won by the Harvard crew at Henley last year, will not be returned to this country until after the war.

A. Mackenzie Ross, one of the best-known amateur golfers in the kingdom, has died at Edinburgh at the age of sixty-five years. The Amateur championship was instituted a little too late for Mr. Ross's time, but for many years he was one of the strongest competitors for the title. He was an ex-captain of the Tantalum and Gullane Clubs, and only eight years ago he created a record for the Barton course.

TO-DAY'S TOILET HINTS

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE—THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.

"Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in lib. sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair, is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheninol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Don't Have Grey Hair.

A simple, old-fashioned, home-made recipe will make the greyness disappear.

Grey hair is often a serious handicap to both men and women while still in the prime of life. Hair dyes are not advisable because they are always obvious, inconvenient and often downright injurious. Few people know that a very simple formula, which is easily made up at home, will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a perfectly harmless manner. You have only to get an ounce of tannin concentrate from your chemist and mix it with four ounces of bay rum

to prove this. Apply this simple and harmless lotion for a few nights to the hair with a small sponge and the greyness will gradually disappear. The lotion is neither sticky nor greasy and has been proved over and over again for generations past by those in possession of the formula.

To Have Smooth, White Skin Free from Blemish.

"Boudoir Gossip."

Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at the chemists and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough discoloured or blemished skin. The worn out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp only in almost invisible particles. Mercolised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

Blackheads Fly Away.

Instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skin and large pores.

A practically instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless and pleasant. Drop a styrol tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Advt.)

DON'T LET THE MARCH WINDS

Ruin Your Complexion.



YOUR skin and complexion must have the help of Ven-Yusa if they are to be protected against the destructive effect of the cutting March winds.

Ven-Yusa is a new and striking discovery. By reason of the vitalising oxygen and other refined elements it contains, Ven-Yusa exerts on the skin a unique strengthening and rejuvenating influence.

The daily use of Ven-Yusa keeps the skin young-looking, removes blemishes, and induces a peach-like complexion. The hands and face that are daily fortified by this novel and refined toilet preparation have their beauty and softness preserved. Wind-chafe, Roughness, and Redness are warded off, and those tell-tale lines of age and care are swept away.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream

is specially prepared to supply that natural outside aid which is necessary to keep the skin clear in this dainty octagonal-shaped jar, with chastely designed aluminium caps, and enclosed in elegant cartons printed in Wedgwood blue and silver. Only price 1/- per jar, of all Chemists and Stores, or direct from C. E. FULFORD, Ltd., Leeds.

Mansion Polish

The New and Superior Floor and Furniture Polish

is always used by the clever housewife because she knows that this great labour-saver enables her to get the best possible results with a minimum of exertion.

A very little Mansion Polish goes a long way, and not only is it splendid as a cleanser, polish and renovator, but it also feeds the substance to which it is applied, thus greatly lengthening the wear. Are you making use of this great help in your home?

Mansion Polish is obtainable of all Dealers, in this id. to 1/-.

Prepared by the Chiswick Polish Co. Ltd., Chiswick, London, W., Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.



DOGGED FIGHTING IN PINE WOODS.

How French Have Won Ground
Bit by Bit in Champagne.

PRUSSIAN FAILURE.

The story of the French successes in the Champagne region—a district which lies midway between Rheims and Verdun—is told by a British observer with the French forces in the field.

The three places that are always mentioned in communiqués are Perthes-les-Hurlus, Le Mesnil-les-Hurlus and Beauséjour Farm.

The reader should turn to page 6, where there is a map illustrating the operations in this region.

"Observer" describes the region as a vast undulating plain with pine woods.

The lowest dotted line, numbered 15, is the line of the French trench on February 15. They were then close up to the front of the German line, with its network of barbed wire, its machine gun emplacements, often of concrete, and its underground chambers for sheltering men from the shells.

Each successive dotted line shows the line held by the French on the evening of the date written in the dotted line.

Thus the total gain of ground, that between the most southerly and the most northerly dotted lines, varies between 200 yards, where the lines are close together north-east of Perthes, and 1,400 yards, half-way between Le Mesnil and Beauséjour Farm.

But the whole of this space has been a series of trenches and fortified woods, each of which has had to be attacked separately.

Some of the points where the fighting has been heaviest are shown in letters on the map. A is the "little fort," a redoubt on an open spur.

FIRST ATTACK.

This was first attacked in January: it was partly taken, but the French in the end retained only the southern corner, where they remained for something like a fortnight.

On February 16 it was again taken in part and lost the same day. On the 17th the same thing happened. On the 20th the French once more got in the work; in the evening they repulsed five separate counter-attacks, then a sixth succeeded in turning them out. On the 27th they took all, except a bit of trench in the northern face, and two days later they made that good, as well as a trench about fifty yards to the north of the wood.

B is a small hill, marked 196. The capture of this, with its two lines of trenches, was one of the most brilliant pieces of work done. Since this date, the 26th, the enemy have continued to counter-attack nearly every day.

It was here that the Prussian Guard were put in, but they have failed to get it back, and their losses have been very high.

NEXT OF GUNS.

C is a wood, called the "Yellow Burnt Wood."

It is still in the hands of the Germans, a regular nest of machine guns which command the ground not only to the front, but also down valleys to the east and west.

The French are just in the south-west corner. At D there are two woods, the southern we will call No. 3, the northern No. 4.

On the 13th the Allies took a trench just south of No. 3, they got into the wood on the 18th, and fought backwards and forwards in the wood that day and all the 19th and 20th; by the evening of the 20th they had almost reached the northern edge.

On the 21st a stronger counter-attack than usual was repulsed, and in pursuing the retiring enemy they secured the northern edge.

On the 22nd there was more fighting in No. 3, but in the night the French managed to reach their way into No. 4 as far as a trench which runs along a crest midway through the wood.

FIGHTING AT CREST.

The next six days saw continuous fighting in No. 4, sometimes near the northern end, sometimes at the crest in the middle, and occasionally back near the southern end. The French now hold the northern edge, and have pushed troops into the "square" wood just north of the line of the 25th.

At E again there are two small woods; these were both captured on the 26th; but the trenches in the northern one had been mined, and the French had no sooner seized them than they were blown up.

At F there was another small redoubt; part of this was taken on the 19th from the east; but the work was not finally captured till the 27th, when 240 corpses were found in it.

On the extreme west at G is a wood which has twice been unsuccessfully attacked. On the first occasion troops got into the wood; but a severe snowstorm prevented the artillery from continuing to assist them and they were driven out.

The second attempt to surprise the enemy at 2 a.m. on the 25th. This also failed. A third attack was made on March 7, and was successful.

The above will serve to show the tenacity which is required for an operation of this kind.

ARE YOU OVER-SENSITIVE?

Are you nervous? Do you lack self-confidence and personal push? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have nervous or mental fears of any kind? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, conversation, or appearing in public? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve? I can tell you how to change your wholly material outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind which will give you absolute self-confidence. Being freed from Mental-Neural handicaps you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself. Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 476, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C. (Advt.)

WELLS AT WORK.

Champion Boxer Says He is Better
Than Ever Before.

HIS MORAL DUTY.

Bombardier Wells claims that he is a stronger and a bigger man than he has ever been before. He says he is working harder in training than he has ever done, and will not admit the likelihood of defeat by Frank Moran at the Opera House on March 29. Nor will anyone who has seen him during the last few days in his training quarters at Brighton.

"I have never trained quite so thoroughly," he told me. "Under expert advice I have quite revolutionised my methods. You saw me do an hour's gymnasium work after a hard morning on the road. I do not wish to brag, but I feel now that I should like to go through the day's task again."

This was whilst sitting at dinner, the day's work comfortably and enjoyably done, and only the prospect of a game of billiards between him and bedtime. There was no difficulty in getting the Bombardier to talk about his previous victories and defeats and the men he has opposed.

"Of all the lot," he told me, "the beating I got from Gunboat Smith was the most inapplicable to me. I thought I had got him out and had only got to hit him to finish it off, and I went in from my corner to uppercut him and I don't remember being hit."

"I puzzled me so much that when he was over here last summer I made a point of having a chat with him to ask him how it all came about, and he told me."

GUNBOAT'S PUNCH.

"According to the Gunner he saw me coming in and swung his right at me on the off-chance. It caught me on the back of the neck behind the ear and dazed me, and it did not take much of a punch to the jaw to finish me off." It was a similar punch from the Gunboat which put Carpenter down, it will be remembered.

"As to the second Carpenter fight, perhaps the most extraordinary of my career, it is not generally known that the motor-car accident which occurred on the day before the fight at the N.S.C. was much more serious than was known at the time."

"We were travelling at forty miles an hour when we hit a car coming out of some cross roads, with the result that all four wheels of our car were stripped off, but fortunately the body fell flat, and beyond a shaking and a few bruises none of us were much the worse bodily, but the effect on the nerves of a man trained to concert pitch for the event of his life may be imagined. It was disastrous."

"Still, I hope Carpenter comes through the war safely, and that we may meet yet again. I know I ought to beat him and I know I can; whether we shall ever face one another is another matter."

WELLS AND THE ARMY.

"Talking of Carpenter and the war brings me to another matter—myself and the Army. I have been attacked for not joining up, but I can assure you that I am ready to go to-morrow if I am really wanted."

There are five of us boys, and we are not a rich family. It was decided at the start that four should go, and that as I could earn more than the rest I should look after the family."

"My brother Alf, who was one of the best boys in the world, rejoined the 3rd Battalion of the Light Brigade in Ireland before he got his mobilisation papers, and has given his life. Sid is a dispatch rider on the Headquarters Staff, Albert is in the Seaforth Highlanders and Harold, who was not nineteen when the war broke out, has joined the Essex Regiment."

"I am hoping to earn enough money in the next month or so to make my family comfortable, and then I am ready. Really, at the moment my duty is here, and I have the moral courage to say so."

Wells says he was fitter when he last fought and defeated Bandman Rice than ever before, and that he realises in Moran he has a big and strong, if not brilliantly clever, boxer against him.

TREMENDOUS PUNCHING.

He says he is punching harder than ever, he has put on neck and shoulder muscles, and will go into the ring at 13st. 7lb. at least. His gymnasium work, certainly, in which he jumped over the ropes both going into and coming out of the ring, is streets in front of anything he has ever done before.

He has always seemed a bit lackadaisical in his training methods. Now he punches the sack as if he hates it, is fast as a flyweight at the ball, and shadow boxes and skips at a tremendous pace.

The right hand which gave him so much trouble last season is now as strong as ever, and as he is doing a lot of boxing practice he has no fear of it going wrong again. He has used up several sparring partners, and only this week a well-known fifteen-stone man has given up his job owing to the punching.

Wells told me that he had not cared on previous occasions to set about a sparring partner too fiercely. "I have changed that and take all I can out of myself. You can quite understand my difficulty in getting men to stand up to me. I am fighting them instead of sparring with them."

P. J. MOSS.



Really Marvellous Moneysworth!

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PERFECT MARGARINE
— at 1/- Doubleweight — is
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and cooking more than ever
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DOUBLE 1/- WEIGHT
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Guaranteed freshly churned
from the best nuts and milk.

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A WINTER DIET should include plenty of best producers. The most wholesome and delicious are puddings made with Shredded ATOFA Best Sugar, which needs no sugar added for it. Sole Manufacturers—Hugon and Co., Ltd., Manchester. (Advt.)

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HOW THEY CAN SEE THE ENEMY.

P. 5147



Though they cannot see through the wall, they can see over it by means of a periscope. Thus do they obtain information without exposing themselves to the enemy. These periscopes have proved extremely valuable, and are being very largely used. They are frequently placed in the trenches.

THE SERGEANTS' MESS AT THE FRONT.

P. 331 F



British sergeants hold their mess in a ruined farmhouse. The building had been seriously damaged by shell fire, and as the walls were likely to come toppling down with a crash at any moment, they strengthened them with sandbags, as they did not want to be suddenly buried by debris.

SCOUTS ADVANCING STEALTHILY THROUGH A WOOD.

P. 11909 N



Only those who have had experience of advanced outpost duty can have any idea of the strain caused by this dangerous work. The picture shows men advancing stealthily and taking cover behind trees. At any moment they may meet the enemy. Possibly he is in the wood which lies just across the open space.

SAVED SAILOR.

P. 13590



Lieutenant N. A. Wodehouse, the famous Rugby international footballer, who rescued a seaman from drowning. The man fell from H.M.S. Warrior.